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Allen W. Dulles

To exalt the career of Allen W. Dulles as a spymaster and a cloak-and-dagger expert is to describe his life inadequately and to fail to evaluate him as a man. Misjudging is understandable at the time of his death because any man, successful in espionage and intelligence, offers glamor and fascination which distort judgment.

Mr. Dulles' greatness to his nation and probably his form of personal satisfaction from his work were based upon the highest order of intellectual intuitiveness combined with a technical craftsmanship that he directed toward his labors.

His abilities were devoted during the last 20 years toward making the device of intelligence an instrument of value to the generals in war and to presidents in peace. This latter part of his life, therefore, obscured a 15-year period when he was a lawyer in New York with Sullivan and Cromwell and a political practitioner who helped further the ambitions of Thomas E. Dewey toward the governorship of this state.

While his brother, John Foster Dulles, in those days was a foreign policy counselor to the rising Mr. Dewey, Allen W. Dulles was at the important level of working in the party organization, seeking to lift the G.O.P. out of its many failures in New York state.

Go back farther to the earliest days when he worked his way around the world and taught briefly in China so that he could have the wherewithal to come home; or during World War I when first as an officer and then as a state department representative he was in Austria. At

his uncle, Robert Lansing, secretary of state, took him and his older brother, Foster, early that morning to the Hall of Mirrors for the signing ceremony. He continued until 1926 in the state department and then began his legal career.

These details explain why he was so much more than a spy. While his brother went off in the direction of foreign policy strategy, he directed his energies to the gathering of intelligence data and perfecting situations that would make big policy work. This is not to say that he labored for his brother because for only seven years or so were the two in association in the same governmental administration, the Eisenhower period.

In World War II he was an intelligence officer in Switzerland working for Gen. William J. Donovan in the Office of Strategic Services. Their superior was President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Dulles organized an intelligence network throughout central Europe which included agents within the Nazi military establishments and within the German foreign office itself. He accomplished the surrender of the German armies of northern Italy in advance of the Nazi surrender of Germany itself.

Briefly after World War II he was in law practice again. But in 1950 he returned to government, this time as the deputy director of the Central Intelligence agency which was being organized to carry out a worldwide intelligence role for the president of the United States. No man had greater responsibility for the expansion of the CIA than Mr. Dulles in the years between 1950 and when he retired in 1961.

What he directed for America was

any agency in history upon the joining of brilliant minds and courageous individuals to the task of obtaining truth, political, military, economic, from the nations that confronted the United States as enemies.

The Russians have expressed the idea that he was anti-Communist. He probably was less of an anti-Communist than most American citizens. It so happened that the Communist intelligence apparatus was his greatest challenge. Competition was the key, not ideology.

Spy successes and failures made the headlines, but more important to the nation was this friendly man of humor who somehow with a gentleness was able to accomplish from men and harsh situations the kind of information and data that America had to have for its tremendous role of leadership in the world.

His friendly and almost ingenuous character was well known to this community where he was born 75 years ago. He showed these qualities in his annual visits each summer during the last seven years, attending the church where his father, Allen Macy Dulles, preached, walking and driving the streets of Watertown, fishing in Lake Ontario. He visited, not so much among contemporaries because there were only a few of them, but rather he talked with many who expected excitement from the great intelligence expert, only to discover that he was a modest human being whose real interest was learning more and more about what had happened since his last previous happy visit.